

THE
Weavers Miscellany:

O R,

POEMS

On several SUBJECTS.

By JOHN BANCKS, now a Poor
Weaver in Spittle-Fields.

[This Poem was occasioned by the Publication of
the *Thresher's Poem*]

Poemata texni ----

Criticks, stand off, for you here is no Room;
Tho' nothing's sacred else, revere the Loom:
If the best-natur'd Readers I can please,
'Tis all the Fame I seek — I wrote for these.

L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by the AUTHOR at JOHN
KNOTTs at the *Queen's-Arms* in Dorset-Street
Spittle-Fields; S. HESTER at *White-Fryars-Gate*;
and by the Book-sellers and Pamphlet-sellers of
London, and Westminster. 1730. [Price 6d.]

*These Verses were written when the Author was very young, and
had read very little that would contribute to form his Taste.*
J. B. 1730

Wesley's Miscellany

P. O. N. S.

BY JOHN W. WESLEY
WESLEY'S MISCELLANY

Part of the

Wesley's Miscellany
is now published
in a new and
improved edition
by the same author

LONDON

Printed and Sold by the Author at
Wesley's Chapel, in the Strand
and by the following Booksellers
in the several Kingdoms



M
An
On
Fo
On
D
B
L

It
B
O
B
A
Y
T
S
S



THE INTRODUCTION.

USTOM commands a Preface should begin,
And Custom I obey, because a QUEEN.
But then its Manner — here I must oppose;
For Custom says, it should be wrote in Prose:

My Humour forces me this Law to break,
And bids me all in Rhime and Measure speak:
One Piece in Rhime and Measure then must do
For Dedication, Life, and Preface too:
One previous Poem, will, I hope suffice.
Descend ye Nine, and bid the Fancy rise:
Be all my Thoughts distinct, concise, and clear;
Let Judgment rule, and Harmony be near.

To Grace my Work, and Patronize my Muse,
It first behoves some noble Name to chuse:
But who shall I Address without their Leave?
Or, who to me this Liberty will give?
Britannia's QUEEN, the greatest and the best,
Amid the brightest, Shines above the rest:
Yet She, of all the Fair, can condescend
To smile on Verse, and be the Muses Friend:
She shall the Tribute of a Youth receive;
She only can a daring Youth forgive.

The INTRODUCTION.

*Thy noblest Thoughts here fix, and leave behind,
Then Muse descend, and bid the World be kind:
Intreat judicious Criticks to forbear,
And a young Orphan's feeble Off-spring spare:
If 'tis abortive, be the next may mend,
If wholly hopeless, he'll no more offend.
Yet would he not be judg'd by Criticks's Laws,
His Readers Number shall decide the Cause.
The Critick ev'ry Beauty seeks in one,
Less dainty Readers can't be pleas'd with none.
If I have err'd, 'twas Inclination sway'd,
And Inclination will be once obey'd:
'Tis only when we Sin a second Time,
That what before was Errour, grows a Crime.*

*But now my Life in proper place succeeds;
A Life but short, yet all compos'd of Needs:
Yet these in Numbers shall the Muse rehearse;
A Poet's Life is worthy his own Verse.*

*Muse, sing thy self: What Changes I have seen:
To thee, how helpless every state has been:
Ye Guardian Pow'rs the little Record bring;
Assist the Muse, and then the Muse shall sing.*

*My Father Dead, * by aged Grandfire's Care,
(Grandfire a Name to me for-ever dear.)
A Taylor Master, such the Place supply'd,
Was chose, my tender Mind t'inform and guide:
But he, for nothing but his Needle fit,
From Morn 'till Night would on his Shop-board sit;
There hear me say, thence sternly give me Law,
Whilst Yard and Thimble kept me still in aw.*

* Anno 1711, before I was two Years Old.

THE INTRODUCTION.

The Help I durst not ask, he never gave,
Yet must my Task with great exactness have.
So, from the Hebrews, Egypts cruel Lord
The Tale of Bricks requir'd, but would no Straw afford.

But ev'n of this I was not long possess'd,
Tho' greater Things the good old Man profess'd;
For Heav'n, alas! his kind Intent oppos'd,
And, with his Life, the Scene of Learning clos'd.
No longer those Improvements of the Mind,
Which now I wish for, and which he design'd.
So vainly oft' we mark out Means and End,
But Heav'n prevents, for both on Heav'n depend.

Scarce had I learn'd my Concords out of Book,
When, from the Grammar, I to Plow was took;
There, in the Furrow, all my Grandfire's Cost
Was quickly bury'd, and for ever lost.

Too Young I was, too small my Progress made,
Either t' increase, or cherish, what I had.

When Judgment dawn'd, and Infant Fogs dispell'd,
With greater Justness all Things I beheld:

In daz'ling Lustre Learning then appear'd:

I own'd her Merit, and her Form rever'd,
Could say I lov'd her, but to court her fear'd.

Parnassus show'd aloft his distant Head;
But Darkness vail'd the way that thither led.

The glorious Prize hung waving in my view,

I saw, and glow'd my Fortune to pursue,

And ev'ry Day my Inclinations grew.

Resolv'd, I soon th' unequal Chase began,

But Oh, by what untoward Paths I ran!

Quarles was my Fav'rite, and my standard Muse:

So often errs the Youth untaught to chuse.

With

The INTRODUCTION.

*With Quarles in Hand, (I thought a noble choice)
On Rural Themes I try'd my feeble Voice,
The meanest Fancies now were taught to chime,
And Cows, and Horses, Subjects were for Rhime.*

*Thee Williams, thee, where'er thou now art known,
The Muse her best, her kindest Friend must own;
By thee advis'd, she chose a better Guide;
By thee encourag'd, since her Strength has try'd.
But Ah ! she still thy kind Assistance needs;
A living Fudge a Thousand Books exceeds.
Fain would I hear those nicer Truths again,
Of which but few imperfect Hints remain.
From a judicious, undesigning Friend,
We learn our Errours, and the Way to mend.*

*Weary'd at length with rural Exercise,
I to some new Employment turn'd mine Eyes:
When rigid Fate condemn'd me to the Loom;
Of all she utters, sure the hardest Doom.
Here tho' I think, my Thoughts will still be low;
My Numbers still will move on dull and slow:
Dull, as the Prospect which before me lies,
Slow, as the Wages of the Weaver rise.
No Subject here that's worthy of a Song;
All mean Ideas rise, a dusky Throng,
Whilst thro' the opening Warp the Shuttle flies along.*

*If e'er the Muse a brighter Minute gains,
And gets above her Servitude and Chains;
At first, perhaps, she boldly tries her Wings,
And, like a Queen, of Worlds and Freedom sings:
But soon, too soon! the dismal Scene returns,
She sees her Fetters, and her Bondage mourns.*

The INTRODUCTION.

So oft' in sleep a Thousand Fancies please,
(Nor do the Poet's differ much from these.)
Before us lies a level, flow'ry Way,
We seem to rule, and all the World obey,
But long the lovely Vision can't endure;
Sudden 'tis gone, and we are Kings no more.

The stores of ancient Wit I'd now survey,
And all my Force exert to reach the Key:
But the great Labour mocks my single Pains,
And, after all, the Roman Vail remains.

Learning, thou great improver of the Mind,
To make thee mine, what Method shall I find?
The little Leisure my Affairs will lend,
To gain thy Favour, I unwearied spend.
Why dost thou then thy humble Suppliant shun?
Why always from his near Embraces run?
But thou art Coy, and must be courted long;
Thy greatest Favours seldom glad the Young:
Nor dost thou often deign to show thy Face,
To those, who never learn'd t'approach with Grace.
Oh, would some Friend, who might with both agree,
Teach me t'address, and kindly soften Thee;
The tedious Labour gladly I'd endure,
Whilst, at the last, the great Success were sure!

A Priest ungen'rous, and a Wife unkind,
Thy Fortune, Duck, affect my kindred Mind:
The first in Specie, Fate to me has dealt;
The latter, in Relations I have felt.
Thus I pursue, but ah, pursue in vain!
By all discourag'd, little Ground I gain!
So have I seen a willing Rower strive,
In vain, against him if the Torrent drive.

The INTRODUCTION, &c.

No farther Muse, th' ungrateful Tale pursue,
A nobler Subject rises to thy View :
Thy own Misfortunes here a while suspend,
Stop all Complaint, nor let a Sigh offend.
Again, the noble Theme invites thy Lays ;
Muse, try thy Voice in CAROLINA's Praise.
Britannia's QUEEN the Muses' cause maintains ;
And Royal Bounty crowns the Thresher's Pains !
Impartial as the Sun, altho' she smile
On ev'ry publick Genius in our Isle ;
Yet, loth to these her Favours to confine,
She bids obscure Desert appear, and shine.
By her enroll'd in Books of endless Fame,
Ages to come shall read the rustic Name.
Nor shall the QUEEN the gen'rous Labour lose,
Who lends her Hand to lift the lowly Muse ;
The Poet shall convey to Future Days,
The gen'rous Action, and the Deers Praise.
Fain would I too the noble Theme rehearse,
And to his Labours add my feeble Verse :
But mine, Alas ! must soon decay, and Die,
Whilst his is rais'd to Immortality.

But late Tradition shall perform the Task,
And Children all her pleasing Story ask :
These humble Lays can only serve to prove
To present Times, how much the Name I love ;
Whilst that shall live, in more successful Strains,
As long as Nature has the least Remains.





To Mr. D. G.
An ESSAY.



Hilt you, my Friend, a peaceful Mind
preserve,
And greatly make your Inclinations serve
Each welcome Night your self at ease
enjoy,

Nor let ungovern'd Thoughts the Day annoy :
Me, head-strong Fancy, with unruly Force,
Still hurries on in one impetuous Course :
O'er Hills and Dales, by Land, by Sea, by Air, }
She Swiftly wings it forward, void of Fear; }
Thro' *Chaos* too she flies, wild as the Rule is there. }

Intruding Thoughts, a mighty throng infect,
By Day my Labours, and at Night my Rest;
Yet all the wild Disorder seems to chime,
And ev'ry Thought affords a Word for Rhime.

The Love of Verse, in me despotick reigns,
And, 'midst my Business, still the Throne maintains :
Tho' Reason, Friends, and Poverty oppose, }
The more withstood, the more it's Empire grows; }
Theme starts on Theme, to Image Image flows. }

Ev'n whilst I strive the head-strong Stream t'assuage,
The Torrent I obey, and sing its Rage.

So when some Rake, to vitious Habits prone,
Is, by his Friends, his near Destruction shown;
He sees th' impending Curse, and owns his Sin,
Repents, and Swears he'll never Swear again.
But, tho' my Will to Numbers be so strong,
How much she wants to form the meanest Song;
To you, my Friend, whom partial Goodness sways,
The Muse shall strive to tell in humble Lays:
But ev'n in this, she falters and complains,
For want of something to assist her Strains.

Yet say, *Urania*, what thy Flights oppose;
Excuse the Youth whose Breast with Ardour glows;
Whilst yet untaught to tune his feeble Voice,
He makes the humblest Subjects all his Choice:
Nor yet in those the Rules of Art obeys,
But soars irregular, and often strays.
Say what, besides th' internal, native Fire,
The tuneful Sisters in their Bard require.

'Tis not enough the Fancy be sublime,
And that 'tis spurr'd by a Desire of Rhime:
Still solid Judgment o'er the Muse should sway;
And still to Judgment should the Muse obey.
The Vent'rous Youth, who *Pegasus* would ride,
Must learn with Skill the furious Steed to guide:
Nor give the Reins too freely as he flies,
For fear he throw him headlong from the Skies:
A sad Example always will remain,
Young *Phaeton*, to all the Bold and Vain.

To Wit, and Judgment we must Learning join,
To make the Piece with finish'd Lustre shine:

All Readers now so nice a Taste profess,
 They relish nothing in an artless Dress :
 Nor is't in vain that this discerning Age
 Prescribes so strictly to Poetic Rage;
 Tho' Nature's strength may bear us to the Skies,
 By Learning we must regularly rise ;
 By that, move forwards to the wish'd for Prize.
 Who would succeed, as well as greatly think,
 Must Sing by Rule, and ne'er in Language sink.
 Of a young Bard, the Muse, untaught to fly,
 May boldy rise, and soar at first on high ;
 May shake her Wings, secure of Strength and Skill,
 But soon, too soon, her own Defect must feel :
 The want of artful Numbers drags her down,
 And makes her only creep, where she design'd t'have.

By Learning our Conceptions are explain'd ; [flown.
 Without it, scarce our selves we understand.
 I grossly think, but know not what to say,
 My clouded Notions clearly to convey :
 If in th' Expressions I commit Offence,
 I spoil the Image, and destroy the Sense ;
 The warmest Fancy leaves the Invention crude :
 So the first form of finest Gold is rude ;
 'Till Art, her Mistress Nature's Work refines ;
 Then the pure Metal shows its Worth, and shines.

Nor only proper must the Expression be,
 The Reader nauseates dull Propriety.
 To move the Passions, and to please the Ear,
 As well as Learned, we must ~~Smart~~ ^{equal must} appear.
 So the best Dainties, at a bounteous Feast,
 To please the Palate, are with Poignants dress'd.

Wit, Judgment, Learning, in our Author meet;
 Yet still the Poet can't be thought compleat:
 To make his Work appear yet more Divine,
 A gen'rous Freedom thro' the Whole must shine,
 But where the Muse of Poverty complains,
 In all Excursions, still she shows her Chains;
 She should not want, nor know such mean Employ, }
 Whose ev'ry Object nobler Thoughts destroys; }
 Whose chief Attendants Hurry are, and Noise. }

Thus far, with daring Wing, I've ventur'd on;
 And briefly thro' these gen'ral Topicks gone:
 Have shown how many Helps the Poet needs;
 And must possess, if e'er his Muse succeeds.
 For me, who want them all, 'twill not be strange
 If I am dark, and oft from Order range.
 Yet these united, only can Adorn;
 A Genius is Divine, and must be Born.
 Tho' *Duck* improv'd, may grow a second *Pope*,
 To make a *Duck*, in vain would *Alma* hope.
 Oh, if this glim'ring be Cœlestial Light;
 If real Genius, moves me thus to write;
 (The Thing I wish, but scarcely dare to speak)
 Ev'n I may hope a nobler Flight to take.

But Muse how wilt thou here the Man define,
 Who on *Parnassus* Top may justly shine;
 Who, whilst a God-like Genius warms his Breast,
 Of universal Learning is possess;
 Who Nature round distinctly can survey,
 And, undisturb'd, permit his Thoughts to stray?
 Such is the present Glory of our Isle,
 On whom the Muses, all Propitious, smile;

Immortal *Pope* ! the Star whose single Light
 Has long preserv'd the sacred Hill from Night.
 He, when he fixes on some noble Theme,
 Feels in his Breast a more than Human Flame ;
 Harmonious Numbers Dance upon his Tongue ;
 And Matchless Beauties sparkle thro' the Song.
 Oh, if so great a Soul, so well refin'd,
 As warms his Breast, were but in Mine enshrin'd,
 Then might I form some Image, in my Thought,
 Of his Desert—and give the World the Draught !

Fain would I quench this growing, strong De-
 Or be enabled to maintain its Fire ; [fire,
 For now, Alas ! my unassisted Muse
 Her own Destruction eagerly pursues.
 The horrid Prospect rises to my Sight,
 A dismal Scene, without a Ray of Light !
 But Nature's impulse I must still obey,
 And hope in Time to see a brighter Day :
 Content, if, at the last, I may obtain
 Some Reputation 'mong the Sacred Train ;
 If not, the Disappointment I must bear,
 Resolv'd to Sing, tho' I but Sing Despair.



LYCON. A PASTORAL.

LONG *Lycon* liv'd, and aged Honours wore,
 By all the Virtuous none was valu'd more ;
 His Wisdom widely o'er the Plain was known,
 And Knowledge from his Lips was sought alone :
 Whene'er

Whene'er he spoke, soft Silence reign'd around,
 And all the Swains attended on the Sound ;
 As when some Prophet tells of Woes behind,
 So all his Words with weight impress'd the Mind :
 To him, if rural Strife by chance arose,
 'The Shepherd's came—his Sentence none oppose.
 Scarce did he ever know a Morning rise
 'Till dewy Sleep was banish'd from his Eyes :
 Nor did he thus of Course, without Design ;
 His first Employments always were Divine :
 Either his serious Soul to sublimiate
 With Thoughts of God, and of a future State ;
 Or in the Field to Sing his Maker's Praise.
 Where oft' the Lark was waken'd by his Lays.

It chanc'd one Summers Day, at early Dawn,
 As, deeply fix'd in Thought, he crost the Lawn,
 He heard a Voice, and knew young *Damon's* Tongue;
 Of lawless Love, and guilty Joys he sung :
 He prais'd his *Cælia* with no modest Strain;
 An sung her Kindness in an Air as vain.

Inflam'd with Zeal at what he chanc'd to hear,
 He fought the Swain, directed by his Ear,
 And found him sitting, *Cælia* by his Side,
 Whose careless Dress prov'd what she strove to hide:
 Besides, a guilty Blush her Shame betray'd ;
 Nor was the conscious Shepherd less dismay'd.
 Grave *Lycon's* Presence fill'd his Mind with Dread,
 Nor durst he speak—When thus the Elder said.

Infamous Wretch ! unworthy of thy Charge !
 Who, for thy Pleasure, leav'st thy Lambs at large ;
 Think, whilst you revel in unlawful Love,
 How your unfolded Sheep in Danger rove :

The

The rav'nous Wolves are ranging round the Plain,
 And who can tell but half your Flock is slain ;
 Which, pass the Pains that guiltless they endure,
 Will waſt your Stock, and bring you to be Poor.
 Beſides, your crying Crimes have pierc'd the Sky,
 The Vengeance viſible to ev'ry Eye ;
 How many Lambs have lately loſt their Lives !
 How ſickly ev'ry one that yet ſurvives !
 If this convince you not, yet look around,
 And read your Crimes imprinted on the Ground.
 The blaſted Lawn no juicy Herbage yields,
 No bluſhing Flowers bloſſom in the Fields ;
 A dreary Waſt o'er all the Plain extends,
 And univerſal Winter never Ends.

Yet bold in Vice, theſe Judgments you deſpiſe ;
 You dare repeat your Crimes, and brave the Skies :
 Nay more, you glory in the Actions done ;
 Nor bluſh to ſing them to the Riſing-Sun :
 The Riſing-Sun, aſham'd to view the Sight,
 With-holds his Beams, and ſheds but half his Light.

Yet would th' Infection was to you confin'd,
 Then you remov'd, Heav'n might again be kind :
 But the Contagion ſpreads o'er all the Plain,
 And guilty Love is found in ev'ry Swain :
 As Yeſter-night, alone I took my Way,
 A Song ſurpriz'd me, as did yours to Day,
Strephon and *Daphnis*, in alternate Rhimes,
 Sung of their Loves, and boaſted of their Crimes.

Oh, could we ſee ſuch Days the Ancients knew,
 When ev'ry Shepherd to his Charge was true !
 When harmleſs Songs, provok'd to Chaſt Delight
 By Day, and brought on gentle Sleep at Night ;
 Each

Each honest Swain then chose a trusty Friend,
 To whom he could his tend'rest Thoughts commend;
 And Love was like the Love that *Eden* saw,
 E'er the first happy Pair had broke the Law;
 The Youth well-pleas'd, could let his Bliss alone
 Till *Hymen* made the lovely Nymph his own:
 Nor did they then suppose themselves confin'd,
 Their Souls were mix'd before their Bodies join'd.

This was the Time that Heav'n was pleas'd to bless,
 The fleecy Flock brought forth a large Increase;
 A lovely Smile on Nature's Face was seen;
 The Sheep were healthy, and the Pastures green.
 Oh, *Damon*, learn to be no longer vain!
 But help to bring those happy Days again!

The Swain and Nymph express their Grief in Tears:
 Were join'd, and liv'd together many Years.



The Happy M A N.

Made at a Friend's Desire.

HAPPY the Man, who, of himself possess,
 Requires not Pleasure's Aid to make him blest;
 But greatly rais'd on his own proper Store,
 From Art or Nature, can receive no more:
 Who in his Breast, of all that courts his Eyes,
 Feels clear, distinct, and solid Notions rise;
 And knows so well to value Things below,
 As ne'er to be impos'd upon by show:

Who

Who ne'er from Truth and Justice turns aside,
 But makes an upright Conscience all his Pride ;
 Who keeps so close to Friendship's narrow Path,
 As for his Friend to venture all he hath :
 Whose Heart unhurt by any mortal Love,
 And free'd from sensual Objects, lives Above ;
 Who justly knows the Gifts of God to use,
 Is blest in all he has, and all he does :
 This is the Man whom Change can ne'er surprize,
 Who's happy whilst he lives, and happier when he dies }
 But ah ! the Poets Brain alone, this happy Man supplies }



The W I S H.

I N dire Machine, of quadrat Figure,
 Expos'd to all the pinching Rigour
 Of Hunger, Poverty, and Cold,
 I by my Bum, and Belly hold ;
 Pendant, betwixt the Earth and Skie,
 Like dying Thief — tho' not so high ;
 Branded with Weaver's odious Name,
 Thro' all the World, a Mark of shame.
 In this forlorn, neglected Station,
 For me to think of Alteration ;
 And, like a true son of *Apollo*,
 To wish for what will never follow ;
 Must be, I think, by all allow'd
 A Project highly just and good.

B

So

So many of the rhimeing Tribe
 Their Means and course of Life prescribe;
 And tho', because they wish for too much,
 Dame Fortune seldom cares to do much;
 Yet Fancy gives them such a Prop,
 They still Rhime on, and live by Hope.
 'Tis Prudence never to Despair,
 Tho' all our Stars against us are;
 For if the Mind but keeps *Decorum*,
 We're in the Number *Beatorum*.

Tho' some may blame me to begin
 With what is oft' the Root of sin;
 Since that must make the Mare to go,
 I'll wish, as other People do,
 For Money, the Delight of Kings,
 The Queen of Men, and Queen of Things.
 Of this, I'd have sufficient store,
 (For who's respected when he's poor?)
 Enough for all the Needs of Life,
 Both of my self, and of a Wife.
 If Heav'n a little more should give,
 Than what may serve us just to Live,
 A common Stock the Rest should be
 Between my Kindred, Friends, and me.

But here I'm whisper'd by the Muse,
 Who, if she might be bold to chuse,
 Could wish 'twould please impartial Fate
 To let it be a Free Estate.
 For having heard how hard 'tis found
 For Bards to make the Year go round:
 That sometimes *Pegasus* is rash,
 And flies away from heaps of Cash:

That

(II)

That oft' Poetic Influence

Deprives the Mind of common Sense ;
And makes, amidst a croud of Fancies,
The Poet Act Extravagancies :

She fearing this might be my Lot,

If Master of my All I got,

Believes it will be more secure

To have my yearly Income sure :

That if by chance, my Stock I spend,

Next Quarter the Defect may mend.

The next Thing in my Inventory,
Shall be a Wife—A Husband's Glory—

The greatest Curse, or greatest Blessing,

We're capable of e'er Possessing.

Tho' some, perhaps, may Reasons bring

To prove a Wife a needless Thing ;

I can't be brought to their Opinion,

Nor care I for their Proofs an Onion.

Since Woman was for Man design'd,

I think 'tis fit they should be joyn'd :

And therefore hoping to be Blest,

I'll wish for her among the rest.

Besides, I am not quite so stupid,

As not to fear the Force of *Cupid* :

Cupid, that Fowling, Shooting Boy,

Who hampers all in his Decoy ;

And makes us Love, with Dart and Bow,

Whether we willing are, or no.

'Tis like, if he were not so busy,

Most Men unmarried might be easy :

Old Maids might then be very plenty ;

And scarce a marry'd Wife in Twenty :

Strepbon would not for *Delia* Mourn ;
 Nor *Daphnis* Sigh for Love's return ;
 But whilst he makes such Work about 'em,
 There's few can be Content without 'em;
 For when he thoroughly does his Duty,
 Wry Necks and crooked Backs make Beauty.
 Since then he Rules so absolute,
 'Tis vain for Mortals to Dispute :
 For Man to love a Woman is
 As natural, as *Welshman* Cheese :
 And if I love, I'll have a Wife,
 Because I chuse an honest Life.

Well 'tis agreed — But now let's see
 What sort of Woman she must be ;
 I'd have her Modest, Brisk and Young,
 And Woman all — except her Tongue :
 As Pious as the very best ;
 Yet not a Bigot to her Priest :
 Good-natur'd, Gentle, full of Duty,
 And Mistress of a little Beauty :
 So Witty, Secret, and Discreet,
 That Wife and Friend, in one might meet.
 Her Portion — be it great or small,
 Or, if Fate please, be't none at all.
 My Former Wish shall this prevent,
 If I've enough, I'll be Content :
 Tho' few are easy in their Station,
 For once I'd step besides the Fashion.

When *Hymen* has the Business done,
 And she and I are joyn'd in one ;
 For fear my dearest Bride should mutter,
 Because I've got no where to put her ;

As well as to divert my Mind,
 If e'er my Charmer prove unkind ;
 I'd have a pleasant Country Seat,
 By Nature made, for Love's retreat :
 A purling Stream should murmur by,
 And Woods, and Meadows should be nigh :
 The Woods, at Noon, for Shade I'd use ;
 At Night, the Meads should please the Muse.
 My Garden fill'd with Trees and Flow'rs
 Should yield an hundred shady Bowers :
 And all the tuneful, feather'd Quire
 Should dwell therein, to wake my Lyre.
 Here, if the Fumes of too much Study
 Should make the Spring of Fancy muddy ;
 My Spirits I'd exhilarate,
 In Confort with my lovely Mate :
 Our Conversation, soft and kind,
 Should turn on what came first in Mind :
 Yet so we'd always wind the String up,
 That Love alone, the Rear should bring up.

My House should be of comely Size,
 I think the Ground should round it rise :
 It's little Front should meet the Morn,
 And that, a Dial should adorn :
 A Court, before you could arrive at
 The Door, should make it Safe, and Private :
 In fine, I'd have to make't compleat,
 Nothing superfluous, all Things neat :
 'Twould be a kind of petty Throne,
 If 'twere a Manour, and my own.

Were I to chuse my Furniture,
 I'd have what's Needful, and no more :

But

But whilst I wanted not for Treasure,
 My Spouse in this should use her Pleasure:
 For if we cross a Woman's Fancy,
 We know what spiteful Things she can say.

Of the best Books I'd have a few,
 Whose Wit and Sense, would still be New:
 Both Ancient, of establish'd Fame:
 And Modern of a rising Name.

These I'd on all Occasions use,
 T'inform, or please me, or amuse:
 From these I'd choicest Maxims draw,
 And make them, of my Life, the Law.

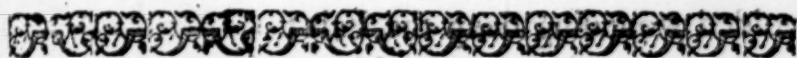
For Servants——if I must have any,
 They should be Sober, and not many:
 A Couple would sufficient be,
 My Wife a Maid, a Man for me.

A Friend's a Thing so seldom known,
 'Tis very hard to meet with one;
 Yet might I chuse, I would have two,
 Of my own Sex, Good, Wise, and True:
 Who could direct an infant Muse;
 Knew when to blame, and when t'excuse:
 With these I'd ev'ry Day converse,
 To them each rising Thought rehearse;
 Their Judgment should the Sentence give
 To which should Die, and which should Live.
 In Fortunes Mazers, if perplex,
 Or with Domestic Troubles vex;
 To them I'd straight repair for Rest,
 And leave my Sorrows in their Breast.

To welcome these, I'd spread my Board
 With what the Country would afford:

A Cheerful,

A Cheerful, but a mod'rate Glas
 Should, as a sign of Friendship, pass.
 Thus far my pensive Mind had gone,
 And, thinking ev'ry Thing my own,
 To Rapture I was almost brought,
 'Till stopping to correct a Thought,
 I found 'twas all a Dream, a Fable,
 A false Chimæra, nothing stable;
 Still in the *Loom* I must remain,
 All higher Thoughts, I doubt, are vain.



DAMON. A TALE.

YOUNG *Damon* was a gallant Swain,
 The most Inconstant of the Plain :
 More Maids than any Youth beside,
 He brought to Ruin—'twas his Pride.

This *Amoroso* had a Tongue,
 By *Syrens* and by *Cupids* hung,
 Which never fail'd to win the Field,
 And make the pretty Charmers yield.

As often he his Mind had chang'd,
 And to as many Objects rang'd,
 As Changes of the Moon had been,
 Since he arriv'd at Seventeen :
 Yet ev'ry one had had his Heart,
 And nothing less than Death could part.

The

The Son of *Venus* saw how light
 He made of Love—and vow'd in spight
 He'd be reveng'd for such a Slight.
 With all his Strength his Bow he drew,
 To *Damon's* Heart the Arrow flew;
 Imprinted *Cloe's* Image there,
Cloe, a sweet, a lovely Fair.

With speed the Swain the Nymph addrest;
 She him, with equal warmth, Carest;
 Indulg'd his Suit—and his alone;
 'Till all his Soul became her own.
 But *Cupid* had, with crafty Care,
 Avoided wounding deep the Fair;
 Her Love was such, as would not dure;
 Tho' *Damon's* Passion none could cure.

The diff'rent Draughts began at length
 To Operate with diff'rent strength:
 She ventur'd first the Youth to flight,
 And by Degrees discard him quite.

Young *Damon* scarce his Grief could bear,
 Yet, loth to entertain Despair,
 Twelve tedious Months in Pain he spent,
 In hopes at last to find Content:
 But when he saw 'twas all in vain
 Resolv'd on Death he try'd again:
 Again unto her Arms he flies,
 Receives his last Repulse, and Dies.



A RESOLUTION.

O FT' has my wand'ring Fancy run
 O'er all that lies beneath the Sun,
 To see if Mortals could possess,
 In Things below, true Happiness;
 At length she singles out the Fair,
 And boldly cries, You'll meet it there:
 The Fair I try'd: But Oh! I find
 Too fickle these, and too unkind.

Well, since my *Delia* serves me so,
 Let all that Race of *Syrens* know,
 I'll not to them devote my Prime,
 To nobler Ends I'll spend my Time:
 To *Phæbus* I'll my self resign,
 And pay Attendance at his Shrine:
 The Muses shall my Consorts be,
 And my Delight—Their Mystery
 My busy Thoughts shall still employ,
 When Love would my Repose destroy.

To find a Theme, I'll daily trace
 The Fields of Nature, and of Grace:
 When fix'd, I'll by my self retire,
 'Till warm'd by some Cœlestial Fire;
 In humble Strains my Muse shall sing,
 The Glories of th'Immortal King.

The Word of Truth my Guide I'll make,
 From whence I will such Treasures take,

D

As

As shall support my Mind above
Subjection to a Woman's Love.

Yet may not this debar me quite
From joyning in the sacred Rite ;
If Marriage e'er should needful be,
(As like it may in Time) for me,
I'll not despise what's so Divine,
Nor say I'll ne'er to Woman join.

When I have learnt to guide my Life,
Can bend my Will to please a Wife :
When I have better learnt to Woo,
And can find nothing else to do,
'Tis like I then again may try ;
'Till then, 'O Love ! I'll put thee by.

To *Delia*, upon *Thyrsis's* leaving her.

THIS, *Delia*, is the Portion due
To all such fickle Nymphs as you ;
Who value not a Love that's true.
What, did you think the Day your own ?
That you should always from your Throne,
Laugh at the Flames your self had blown ?

Or, when you first did faithless prove,
Did you believe the Pow'rs above,
No notice took of injur'd Love ?

The Pow'rs are Just, and will regard,
You feel how strictly they reward,
Nor have they dealt one Lash too hard.

No, all like you the same should tast ;
And, When the strongest Vows are past,
Their Hopes receive as quick a blast.

You thought your *Thyrfis* in a String,
That to your Beck you could him bring ;
But now you find 'twas no such Thing.

The Knot you thought so firm is broke,
Thyrfis disdains to wear the Yoke ;
And lets you know 'twas all a Joke.



TAFFY and SHONNY. A TALE.

UPON a Time it so befel,
As yet the honest Host can tell,
Two *Cambrians* had a Lodging ta'en
At *Gerards's-Hall*, in *Basing-Lane*.
They both were Drovers by their Trade,
And having now their Market made,
They thought to stay a Night, or so ;
Then Home to *Cardiff* Town to go.

Their Names I have almost forgot,
Nor can I tell you who did what :
Yet, since my Story is no Lie,
These little Trifles I'll supply.
To make my Verse run smoothly on,
One shall be *Taffy*, t'other *Shon* :
Their Actions too I'll so declare
That each shall have a proper Share.

To pass what happen'd in the Day,
 Because it comes not in my Way;
 At Night they drank a Cup or two,
 And Things in Course, as others do.
 Suppose they smoak'd a Pipe, and fed,
 And then 'twas Time to go to Bed.

The Motion's made—they bid Good-Night:
 The Landlord helps them to a Light:
 But, they could do as well without,
 And so they put the Candle out.
 Unhappy Men! did they but think
 They were so near Misfortune's brink,
 They would the Tallow Saviour use,
 And not such kind Good-will refuse:
 But 'twas their Lot, and who can blame,
 Or say, they would not do the same:
 One must be sopt, and t'other bruis'd,
 And therefore they the Light refus'd.

But to resume my Tale agen,
 Two Galleries adorn the Inn:
 Up to the high'st the *Welshmen* grope,
 For into that their Lodgings Ope;
 Or Lodging—For we may suppose
 That they to lie together chose.

And now *Melpomene* attend;
 Thy kind, thy Tragic Influ'nce lend:
 Of sad Disasters I shall tell,
 As e'er to mortal Man befel.
Taffy and *Shon* were both above
 When *Gerards's* Ale began to move:
 Poor *Taffy's* Guts were grip'd so fore
 He must descend, or stain the Floor:

The first he thought the handsom'st Way,
So down he ran—he could not stay.

Help Muse, or else my Pen will fail
To paint the Sequel of the Tale:
How in the Yard there was a Flood,
Which there, to Water-Horses stood:
How hapless *Taffy* tumbled in,
And wall'wing lay up to his Chin:
How, with the fierceness of the Blow,
His Breeches burst, and he let go:
How, with your Eyes, you might behold
The Chrystal Water turn'd to Gold:
How in this piteous Case the Wight
On *Sbonny* call'd with all his might.
So I in Farmer's Yard have seen
A Barn-Door Cock of portly Mein
Into a Tub of Hog-wash fall,
There stoutly tumble, stink, and squall,
And kick, and flirt the Grains about,
'Till his good Mistress pull'd him out.

But, leaving *Taffy* in this Pickle,
For fear his Tale should too much tickle;
A sadder Story I'll rehearse;
As sad as e'er was stuck in Verse.

Sbonny, we left two Stories high,
'Twas there he heard poor *Taffy's* cry;
And taking pity of his Case,
Forgot the steepness of the Place.
Brother, I pray, abate your Grief;
I'll climb the Stile, and give Relief.
He said— And o'er the Rail he sprung,
But Oh, how shall the rest be Sung!

As when a Stag would leap his Bound,
 And falls into some Farmer's Pound ;
 So *Shonny* tumbles Neck and Heels,
 And on the Ground his Errour feels:
 Unable to get up, he lies,
 And mixes his with *Taffy's* Cries.

The Noise the Folks within amaz'd ;
 They brought the Candles out and gaz'd :
 When *Taffy* in the Pond they found,
 And *Shonny* sprawling on the Ground.
 The Cause of all enquir'd and heard,
 The Landlord of them took regard:
Taffy was warm'd, and *Shonny* bled ;
 Then both undrest, and put to Bed.
 All danger past, the Sport begun ;
 The *Welshmans's* Stile, still serves for Fun.
 They both were Well—a Fortnight spent,
 And Home they to their Country went ;
 To tell how Fortune did them handle,
 For going to Bed without a Candle.

~~~~~

To *Delia*, offended at his calling  
 a Kiss no Favour.

THOU lovely Fair, forgive the guilty Muse,  
 Who freely owns her Fault, nor strive t'excuse:  
 Nor could she hope Forgiveness e'er to find,  
 If 'twas not Woman's Nature to be kind.

Speak

Speak little of a Kifs! 'tis such a Crime  
That's scarcely known in this flagitious Time!

Well, if you will the vast Offence forget,  
The Muse resolves she'll ne'er the same repeat:  
For ever after she'll your Praises sing,  
And to the shrine of Love her Off'rings bring.

Be gen'rous then, and let your Suppliant see,  
That Woman still is what she ought to be:  
Let Pardon cover what he's spoke amiss,  
And let him seal the Contract with a Kifs.

A Kifs! 'tis something so divinely sweet,  
Something in which so many Blessings meet,  
That I can ne'er the transient Rapture tast,  
But what I wish it could for-ever last!

How I could dwell in *Delia's* closing Arms,  
Whilst to her Lips she gathers all her Charms!  
How often there repeat the Extasie,  
And mourn that human Blifs so soon should Die!

Were I to paint her Person and her Face,  
The *Nine* must all descend, and ev'ry *Grace*:  
Scarce could the *Nine* an equal Song prepare,  
Nor all the *Graces* form so sweet a Fair.

But those who would the lovely Charmer view,  
Must in her Company their Wish pursue:  
The ravish'd Muse can only this subjoyn,  
So many Charms united seem Divine.



To Mr. John Winship at Greenwich, Excuse for not coming to see him.

DEAR Friend, an Unkle's Presence bids me stay,  
Else you, perhaps, had seen my Face to Day;  
Let not my Absence then be thought Neglect,  
I dare to rival any in Respect.

Know, in my Breast your Name I always bear,  
And keep a strict Acquaintance with you there.  
Oft' I recall our Evening's cool Retreat,  
As often long those Minutes to repeat.

Sometimes I wish you in *Charissa's* Arms,  
But oft'ner wish you'd quite forget her Charms:  
What tho' she's lovely — since she is not kind,  
From such Inconstancy divert your Mind.

But to Conclude — when you these Lines peruse,  
(The hasty Product of a willing Muse)  
Think then, my Friend, that you converse with me,  
And let the Scene at pleasant *Coley* \* be.

---

\* Near *Reading*, from whence the Author came.

F I N I S.



22

n-  
ng

stay,  
day;

:  
l,

fe,

h me,

ame.